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From the Knickerbocker Magazine for June.

Bunker Hill; A Ballad.

It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,
When the "minute men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill:
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!"

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!"
The trench is marked—the tools are brought—we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made:
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, "All's well!"
And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep,
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.
Sleep on, thou bloody hireling crew! in careless slumber lie,
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad and high:
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,
The drum that beat at Louisburg, and thundered in Quebec!
And thou, whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we'll trust,
Thou butcher GAGE! thy power and thee we'll humble in the dust;
Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy brood,
"The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled with our blood!"
But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal is all in vain;
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every freeman slain;
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they raise the mighty shout,
This soil their Palestine shall be! their altar this redout!
See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;
The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round shot part in thunder from her side,
And the Falcon and the Cerebus make every bosom thrill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's whistle shrill;
But deeper and wider grows the trench, as spade and mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing nigh!
Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant PRESCOTT stands
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with his hands;
Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the fray;
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.
But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years,
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou (the youngest of thy peers)
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made to act a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is, as heart's blood to the heart!
Well may ye bark, ye British wolves! with leaders such as they,
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to lead the way—
As once before, scarce two months since, we followed on your track,
And with our rifles marked the road ye took in going back.
Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew, with hands accursed,
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe she nursed;
By our own doors our kinsmen fell and perished in the strife;
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a freeman's life;
By Tanner brook, and Lincoln bridge, before the set of sun,
We took the recompense we claimed—a score for every one.

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight—and now they're pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep;
And now they're forming at the Point—and now the lines advance;
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle challenge ring:
Quick bursts, and loud, the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.
And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart burst
From every gun the livid light upon the foe accurst:
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the yeoman's fire;
Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel.
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead.
"Hurrah! they run! the field is won!" "Hurrah! the foe is fled!"
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home and Native Land.
Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose!
And though our swift fire slackened then, and reddening in the skies,
We saw, from Charlestown's roofs and walls, the flamy columns rise;
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, or o'er the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records a warrior's grave?
What though the day to us was lost? Upon that deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!
For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom pour,
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.

Notes of Hand, for the Register.

BROOKS AND BROTHERS.—The Axe Manufacture has secured its seat on the New Haven river, three miles to the north of us at Beman's Hollow, or as it may very well be called, at Brooksville. The locality is celebrated in popular legend, dating no further back than 1831, as the scene of a sudden flood, which in a single night swept the little hamlet clean out from its locality, and left to the morning light only the place of its ruins and the track of a subsiding torrent. The destruction of life was melancholy, and hardly any change will obliterate the memory of this, which some survive to bear. At a later period the name was familiar perhaps in Green Erin, for during the building of the Rutland Railroad, the labor-seeking Hibernian would hardly have escaped from quarantine as a redemptioner from ship fever, before he was met inquiring, in a brogue, as inimitable as if never imitated, for Beman's Hollow, Sir. His work at the high bridge, forty rods below the dam, is a monument that Paddy was in earnest. At an earlier date than this, to wit, in 1843, the property was taken up by the oldest brother of the BROOKSES, as the site of an axe factory, and in a small but energetic and liberal minded way, the business commenced.

A few years earlier than this, perhaps 1830, the late Theodore Hinsdale, of Winstead, Connecticut, reported to the writer a conversation held by him with one of the Collinses of Collinsville, who was out to see the works of his friend, just expanding in his hand, the old iron works and woolen establishment of S. & M. Rockwell. Hinsdale had shown his friend his scythes, which glowed absolutely, so attractive was their temper, as blue as the Mediterranean, though not with the white and veiny art of the Damascus sword blade. The friends lay awake and talked of things.—You make the scythes, said Collins, for the Mississippi valley, and I'll make the axes. Hinsdale was successful as he was honorable and enterprising, and as honorable a memory survives him, as that of any other competitor for favour in the Mississippi valley. And Collins extended his school of artisans to his liking, till from a scene of mere Arcadian delicacy & beauty where the promise of Thanksgiving week reposed with a sweet luxuriance of fruitage on the borders of the Farmington, a village supported by his establishment like a city of enchantment arose, calling up from its bosom soon a Vulcan's temple at the cost of forty-thousand dollars, a workshop sheltering the fires of five-hundred workmen, as a garrison of producers in this citadel of success. The waking dreams of both perhaps were realized, in the latter with the impressiveness of a vision of the night, so sudden has been the change from the tame familiar observation of boyhood.

From this school of real art, with the skill of the cunning Yankee hand, our young friends were graduated, but, as we say on the hill, in the newly rising groves of Academus there, they were fitted at home, under the eye of a cunning workman, none more so than that of their father. The place, with a dam and privilege, was purchased, the father was induced to move to it from the village at Middlebury, and the business commenced, the old man as temperer. We visited it in those days, for we love the society of those sons of the muses, whom the bees of industry never sting, though their's is the prize of honey. It was the beginning of skill, care and hope, but energy and enterprise were larger words than they cared to air from the leaves of their vocabulary. "Over the Lake" was the limit of their field then, a market with the colliers of the iron district, to keep alive the forge and furnace fires of Penfield, Hammond and Tower. Some axes were sent to Troy; some were greeted, as axes even may love to be, in the home market-place, as the best axes known. A modest and genial progress has followed their efforts since. The intelligent father died, dropping off the burden of life with the equanimity of a pure heart when life was done. But skill, attention and success survived. A hamlet with improved features smiled in the valley, not glaringly, nor extravagantly, but as the habitations of young advancing, toiling men. The old shop below the dam, beyond the thicket of cedars skirting the deep water, was repaired and extended, the building for sale and finishing improved, and within are evidences of production, fit for a table of statistics in the "New State."

Here is the most extensive axe workshop in our State. The ordinary manufacture amounts to a hundred and twenty-five axes per day, and runs often to a hundred and fifty. It consumes a hundred and fifty tons of Anthracite yearly, and eighty tons of American iron. The steel, twenty tons, sometimes ordered direct, is from the Messrs. Sandersons at Sheffield. It seems our artisans do not yet supply it. Twenty-five workmen are employed, whose fires, when busy, are stretched through the airy winding workshop, in one view, to the equally airy office of the temperer. He is one of the brothers with whom the father had desired to perpetuate his skill, which gives, we saw, the perception of temper in a rich damson-like color of the steel. The finishing by grind-stones, of which fifty tons annually are used, and the polishing, by a succession of emery wheels, graduated in fineness for the purpose, are done in the building on the road, where the dressing and packing also come under the proprietors' hand, so that their wares may take the favor their quality may deserve in the eye of the purchaser.

A market is found both at home and in the cities. Something like a third of their manufacture is adapted to the woodsmen of Canada, where perhaps, original forest habits prevail, and the chopper's arm is death on reaction with a cordial of his own. Even a six pound axe is used to pioneer the bold Briton into the forests of New Albany and other regions, which the Indians never dreamed of defending. The stalwart laborer of the Mississippi valley has also here a tool for himself, in which the benefit of momentum is intended to be added to the spontaneous force of the implement in its descent. Near a third of the axes made are for that market, and a third, weighing none too much, and shaped so as to chip from the bottom, are made for those whose eye teeth are cut as precisely as those of the Brookses, and whom they hardly need be warranted not to cut in the eye—the universal Yankee nation.

Our visit was on Saturday at noon. The senior partner was absent, but we saw all, and risked something to follow our cicerone by a short cut across the dam, on a float of string-pieces, that might have made a paragraph of the visiter sooner than of the works, and sent us perhaps as a "dead head" to Charon below; but we survived, following closely upon the track of a respected County Judge, who was by no means meant to be drowned. The men had mainly finished their weekly task, except two, that were near the further extremity of the shop, in the almost open air of summer, striking so cordially, nay beautifully, lithe and young in their shop-dresses, that the eye dwelt upon them; and two who were older, beside us, and were still continuing the first processes by the forge. The fires and anvils are at different sides, and we pass between them. The former have no chimneys, but are supplied with air by tubes from a common bellows, as are the latter with living water in vessels for use. The fires were ready *baited* with anthracite for kindling; the temperer's room exhibited its casks of rude but needful chemicals for his work. All was cheerful; the work was suspended because accomplished. We waited by those nearest the entrance to see the first parcelling of the material, by which bars of iron are clipped singly into lumps of the weight for an axe, being held for this purpose to an implement, called a shears, some three hundred pounds in weight, of a *fly-wing* shape, operated by a lever power, and dividing them as simply as Capt. C. will candy in a cool day. The bellows is a fanning-mill on a new plan, and doing the work for all, the apprentice blows and strikes no more, but only strikes like the journeyman! But we claim no skill in processes, nor express regret for changes, which all look to the same showing—that the policy on which labor may depend is in the brain, and that a good wit may prove this in communication with the hand, if not on paper.

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☞ A worthy doctor of Baltimore, a member of the Society of Friends, has a favorite negro coachman, who happens to be a Methodist. — Not only is Sam a Methodist, but he is also as bright and shining a light in the church, as it is possible for such a piece of ebony to be. You know, I presume, how the blacks conduct their devotions. Well, Sam was in the habit of selecting his master's kitchen as the scene of the social meetings which he led; and these religious services were not conducted entirely on the plan which a Quaker would altogether approve. The doctor, however, is famous for his good nature, and he endured the boisterous piety of his servant and his friends with wonderful equanimity. One night, however, when they had been unusually "powerful in prayer," the Doctor thought proper to administer a gentle reproof. So, the meeting over, the zealous coachman was summoned before his master. "Sam," said the old gentleman, "why does thee make so much noise in prayer? Doesn't thee know that the Almighty is not far off, but nigh unto thee; neither is his ear deaf that he cannot hear? He can hear thee as well when thee whispers as when thee *roars*." "Massa Doctor," replied Sam, full of confidence in his superior theological lore, "you isn't read the Scriptures wid no kind ob 'tention." "How so, Sam?" "Why you duz forget, 'pears to me, how it say dat, plain as kin be, *Hollered* be dy name!"

BLACKS AND WHITES. — A tabular statement in the Charleston (S. C.) papers, of the annual mortality in that city, gave some interesting statistics tending to show that, as a general thing, there are more instances of deaths at an advanced age among the blacks than the whites. The total number of deaths in Charleston for the year ending May, 1852, was 922, of which 533 were blacks, and 389 whites. Of the blacks ten were upward of one hundred years of age at the time of death, and ten were between ninety and one hundred. Of the whites, none were over one hundred; only three were over ninety.

Materiel for the American Drama.

Read before the Williamsburgh Lyceum.
BY JOHN MILTON STEARNS.

'Tis not a theatre I would advocate, for I bow not in devotion to those who can only *fancy* themselves the master-spirits of the world. 'Tis not the *mocking* of nature in its own true development, that commands my admiration.—Nature in the history of man, of his fortunes, adventures, his passions, his hopes and his despair. The great drama of history is what I admire. It is a few examples from this I purpose to review or present for your contemplation. The lights and shadows of the past, marked with the incidents of suffering or rejoicing, with the tinge of sorrow and the hues of blood, are the drapery or scenery which curtains round the stage of time. 'Tis these which the great Shakspeare has gathered in fragments from the verge of oblivion, and consecrated with his own great name to immortality.—Shakspeare's plays, aside from ability of the poet, have inherent properties which give them a character with all posterity. They present us *antiquity*, in its dim lighted halls, over-canopied with the moss-grown towers of ages, and melancholy with the shadows of Hades, made young again in its wars and its loves, in its social circles, and passing songs. So deep on the popular mind is the impression made by these ghosts of the past, that it scarcely looks elsewhere for the world. Shakspeare has become, as it were, its ideal community and statue gallery of olden times. He is authority in respect to all which marked the character of social life with the English nobility in the middle ages. He is not only authority as to fact, but for influence. "As Shakspeare says," is reason enough with three-quarters of mankind to justify an opinion. He was doubtless among the greatest of poets, but he had great materials out of which to work up his sublime creations. Yet the materials are in every land where the numbers of Shakspeare have power to awaken in human hearts sympathy with their enchantments.—Still, but one country has produced a Shakspeare. War and love have had their struggles. The field of blood and the intrigues of courts have marked the history of every country, and the abandoned maiden has told in every land her sad tale of ruin and desertion, in tones of sorrow and lamentations of despair, fitted to awaken sympathy and pity in the hardest heart. Her destroyer has joined in with the world, laughed at her story, and affected scorn at her character, and when the night-winds blew and the thunder-gust gathered dark in the heavens she laid herself down and found her midnight couch amidst the heather of the wilderness. Her melancholy complaint has been made and reiterated again and again, to the spirit of the storm.

All these scenes pass by, their shadows linger for a moment on the scroll of history, and they are gone. But had their impressions fallen on a Shakspeare's soul, what stirring numbers would have flowed! What deep familiar intimacy of soul with all life's darkest sorrows, would sketch the waning life and light of passion's fondest memories.

It is the familiar domestic intimacy of the great dramatist with all that he describes, whether it pertains to human life or to sprits from the three worlds, that is the peculiar charm of his genius.

Ossian sings of the wars of Fingal and his loves to the dark-eyed maid and to Comala the huntress of Arven. His song is not of household friends, but of fitful and transient spirits that figure in dark mystery on the trail of Morven's wars. Its lights of passion are shadowed in the grey skies of winter, the snow-clad mountains and ice-bound mountain stream, gurgling its dark murmurs beneath the evergreen bowers of woody glens and through moorlands desolate and forsaken. The scenes of Ossian's poems are winter dreams, cold as the moonbeams of a winter's night, and distant and transient as their feigned spirits of the clouds. As incidents of the drama they might serve to entertain giants and savages, but they are so distant from the refinements of social life that in representation they would afford more pain than pleasure to an exquisite and refined sensibility. Still, a familiar hand would have wrought up from these incidents the the fabrics of social life in which the counterparts of prevailing opinions, superstitions and prejudices would have marked in relief the character of the times.

But it was to our own country, that I proposed to direct your attention and to consider the question, whether it be for the want of a history or the want of a Shakspeare that no peculiar distinctions of nationality are found on the American stage, or rather in American dramatic compositions.

Two centuries have elapsed since the settlement of our country, and in our history there have been times that tried men's souls. There have occurred incidents too dark even for the spirit of tragedy; there have been contests which caused two continents to quake as a volcano in eruption, and there have been controversies of opinion that have raged as the war of the elements. And here love in virgin purity has decked her altars with garlands and sung the songs of her sweet enchantments, and then sunk down and sighed in desolation. The altar that was erected to hope has consumed its beautiful patroness with the fires of infamy and despair. Even in this land giant genii come down from olden generations and tell the deeds of the wondrous past. It is felt that our country's history is rich in story and sublime in its elements of song.

But it is hoped that the day is at hand when the treasures of the past will be appropriated. Not, however, for the polluted and filthy entertainments of American theatres, but for influence on the national mind, as the marks, the lights and shades of our national characters. For America is the birthplace of a peculiar philosophy, of a peculiar spirit and of a peculiar glory, all intimated in the name of *liberty*. But human interest has professed patriotism while it sought to betray its country; and the principles professed by America have been compromised in regard to some of its people. In a collection of national dramas, Philip of Pokanoket shall come in and plead for the rights of his fathers. Tecumseh shall shout liberty or death at the brink of his own grave, and Osceola shall vindicate the affections of the Red Man for his wife and children, and his domestic altars; while Pocahontas shall tell the qualities of heart which nature gave to woman.

The heroes of our revolutionary times shall stand, proud in the majesty of their patriot souls, and tell of sufferings endured, of battles long and bloody, of victories won, and the proud rejoicing of their emancipated country. They will tell, too, of other scenes, when the sons forgot the fathers of their nation, and the veterans of the revolution were many of them, as it were, beggars in the republic they had created—old men whose locks were white with the snows of four score winters, who had borne the title of colonels and generals in the great struggle, coming to life's last scene in some desolate and cheerless cabin of the wilderness, breathing a last fond prayer for their ungrateful country as they laid their dust in an unhonored and nameless grave.

We shall hear, too, in numbers worthy of the theme, of Arnold's treason and Andre's tragic fate–woven round the texture of the code of war, and the stern philosophy on which it rests. Oh that some kindly veil had hid the soldier's fate from her he loved. But nay she comes upon the scene, with tears, and sighs and weeds of mourning, so gentle and modest yet so wrought with sensibility that her nation's enemies join to weep the fate of the gallant Andre.

There is one character, however, who is above the *dramatic*, in our nation's history. I mean the immortal Washington. The reverence of the nation will never tolerate his impersonation on a public stage. Who could claim to stand and speak for Washington and not commit a sacrilege on his memory? As well might an ape impersonate a king as a common man to attempt to represent the father of our country.

Any scamp might bear the character of the restless agitators on the field of human ambition, whilst the purest among the living is unfit to represent the untarnished glory which marked the whole life of Washington, and surrounds his tomb with the light of angelic purity.

There is another character that is itself a drama, I mean Aaron Burr. Already, the *acts* are figured in the nation's mind, and *scenes* are opened to the public eye that make the tragic sympathies of this great nation. Along with Shakspeare's lion kings will Burr stand up impersonating more than tyrants of a bloody throne, and fall and die remorseless of the past and thoughtless of a coming world.

We see him now, brilliant and fascinating in position, yet corrupt as hell. At first a gallant major, sighing for laurels of a warrior's fame, and then the conqueror of a gentled foe, a youthful maiden's heart. Ah! how deluded was his gentle girl, who fancied she had found by war's misfortunes more than a friend, while yet a prisoner in a hostile land.

A truly gallant warrior never sacrificed a fallen foe, but holds their honor sacred as the gallant knight would hold the honor of his chosen bride. Such Aaron Burr was not. His heart was blacker than the bandit's who slays his prisoners in cold blood, or yields them quarter only to worry out their life in tortures.

While Miss Moncrieffe imagined life o'ercast with brilliant skies, and felt the deep-wrought tone which love imparts to the spirit of the world, she confided all which woman's heart holds dear, to him she thought more dear than the jewels of a crown—and confiding—fell. The arch-deceiver smiled at her shame, professing kindness still, but whispering around vile slanders—that she had come a spy, and was for treason born. He sends her away bereft of all that lights a smile in the dark paths of this vale of tears, more sad than Eve when she last looked on Eden.

But where went Burr? We see him rise to fame remorseless in crime, and courted by the crowd—ambition flattering, still pointing to seats of power more brilliant than ever Magi scanned for eastern monarchs.

But Heaven was just to virtue. Burr was doomed. He struggled while chafed with disappointed hopes. Seeing his fall inevitable, he banished every thought but dire revenge. And here is another tragedy, that when it is written out, will tell the dark soliloquy of soul that wrought the murder of the gallant Hamilton. The figure which the great Hamilton filled in his country's fame shall so fill up this drama that Burr will court oblivion to hide his blood-stained heart from the scorn of virtue.

Then next will Blennerhassett come upon the stage and tell his wrongs, and point to the beauteous isle that bears his name, now his no more; his children beggars, and his lovely wife pale with the shadows of misfortune's gloom. This play must find its scenes at Richmond jail or near its halls of justice, and rehearse the incidents of Burr's projected treason, and all the dreams of power and treasure to be secured in the halls of the Montezumas. And here, shall the lovely Theodosia enchant the heart, while comforting the sire, *because he is her father!* Her filial heart, blind to a parent's faults, shall only comfort where the world have scorned. Pattern of women! beautiful in all that dignifies the name, well might she deem herself quiet fit for heaven without a shroud to supersede the robes she wore in life.

Her wish was gratified, when ocean's wave
Became at once her toilet and her grave.

FROM THE PLAINS.—A letter from Maj. Steen's command of recruits for the Army in New Mexico, dated on the 20th ult., at Pottawatomie camp, sixty miles from Fort Leavenworth, mentions the death of fourteen of the command by cholera, and another not expected to survive. At the date of the letter, one-fourth of the whole number were on the sick report. This is dismal enough.—The command was composed of about 300 men.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Liberia and Colonization.

The only deviation from the law of labor centralizing its energies in America, is found in the attempt to erect a republic on the shores of Africa, by the return thither of the ensnared and enslaved natives, placed among us by the vile traffic of other ages. Liberia is an anomaly. It is an admission that the negro is a human being, capable of self-government. It is an expiation for the sins of our forefathers. It is an attempt to compensate, in such measure as we may, their barbarous man-thefts. It is the pious undertaking of the children to pay the debts of the parent. What we send back may hardly equal the interest of the sum stolen, but it exhibits a penitent desire to make restitution, and founds a hope that hereafter the restitution may be complete. Liberia is one of the proudest trophies of the national piety.

It is gratifying to note, as the enterprise of Colonization advances successively, the prejudices against it give way. The abolitionist, who was wont to hold it a cunning fence set up by the slaveholder to screen himself from direct attack, admits his error, and commends the emigration to his colored clients. Mr. Birney has atoned for numberless mistakes by recalling his former intemperate language towards the scheme. Mr. Horace Mann uses, in discussing it, terms of the liveliest approval. The tone of the abolitionist press is obviously amended. And, as a direct result, the negro recovers his faculties sufficiently to recognize for himself the benefits of a home and self-control in a land where climate and nature are congenial. The difficulty of overcoming the aversion of the race to a return to their fatherland, daily diminishes. The question rapidly narrows itself to one of ways and means. How can three millions and more of negroes be transported from one continent to the other? Can it be done at all? And shall this, or the next, or still another generation, see it accomplished?

The enormous inward tide of Europeans proves that the transportation is quite practicable, and may be effected promptly. A half million a year may as easily, and much more profitably, be sent to Africa as imported from Europe. The transportation must carry trade along with it. The colonists would, at least temporarily, require food, which the colony has ample means, in its exotic productions, of paying for. They are permanent customers for many of our manufactures, especially those of cotton and iron. There is no doubt, we imagine, in view of the German and Irish immigration, that a million negroes *could* be carried to Africa—if it would pay.

And will it not? The slave population increases so rapidly that in fifty years the free and servile population of the slave States will be equal, supposing the ratio of increase to be what it has been for the last decade. No Southern man can view this result without alarm. He realizes that emancipation and colonization must be the remedy, if it be not the preventive; and only fears that the remedy will come too late. Besides, a more momentous question is about to present itself to the South, upon which, more than upon any abolition or other agitation, the continuance of slavery will depend. Is there not other labor fitted for their soil, outvaluing that of the negro by an infinite ratio, and at much diminished cost? If this quære be answered *yes*; and if Cooly labor, upon trial, prove what it has already proved in Demerara, Jamaica, California, and Cuba, the only difficulty will be, how shall the negroes be disposed of? Colonization presents itself as the only resource; and it will, we sincerely believe, be found profitable to pay for the removal of the negro to Liberia, and import in his place the skilful and intelligent and laborious Chinaman. It will pay, therefore, let the price be never so exorbitant, to give to Africa its own, and employ the voluntary oriental.

With these anticipations, we cannot exaggerate the importance of African colonization. We are looking simply at an economical question. The zealous Christian may justly exult in the glorious promise of the future, when the enshrouded Ethiopians shall borrow gospel light from their Liberian brethren who, having gone down into the house of bondage, return, bringing a great prophet and a better religion with them. The hope is a reasonable one; but we have only to do here with the effect of the exodus upon our own shores. The retirement of the African race will leave us a comparatively homogeneous people. The negro is at present an accident rather than a part of the social system. He does not enjoy, because, from natural or social reasons, he does not merit, equality with the Caucasian, in position or privilege. The taste which tolerates the idea of intermarriage is as exceptional as it is exceptionable. So long as he remains among us, he is a helot, call him a freeman or slave as you will. Now and then, an individual rises above the level of his race; but only exhibits, in doing so, the hopeless abasement of his fellows. Their presence taxes our purses, our patience, our sympathies; displaces our own people from labor that would otherwise save them from pauperism and the alms-house; and tends to the culture of manners among us not quite as compatible as they might be with republican simplicity and equality. The removal of the negro cannot fail to benefit the whole white population; and to him the benefit is unquestionable.—*New York Daily Times.*

SECRETS OF PROSPERITY.—The Providence Journal remarks on a sale of real estate in that city, the property of the late Governor Fenner, that it brought from fifty to one hundred per cent above the appraised value four years ago. It says further: "This prosperity, in the face of a tariff which would have been the ruin of the city ten years earlier, is owing mainly to two things, the diversity of our industry, and the increase of our facilities of communication. Had all the surplus capital been continually invested in cotton manufacture, which in the aggregate has yielded no profit for several years, it would have been for all the purposes of present income, sunk. But the different kinds of business, and especially of mechanical business, in which the city has engaged, opened new sources of prosperity, and the Worcester railroad has added materially to our trade."

An English Speaker.

In addressing the electors of Dartmouth a few days since, Mr. Lindsay, the ship-owner, replying to an attack upon him by an elector, gave the following interesting account of his fortunes:—

"He should be the last to mention a word about himself had he not been taunted with falsehood. He was told he was a mere commonplace shipbroker. God knew he was commonplace enough once; he was the architect of his own fame, and he hoped no one would despise him on that account. (Cheers.) He was but a young man now, and at the age of fourteen he was left an orphan boy to push his way in the world. He left Glasgow to find his way to Liverpool with 4s. 6d. only in his pocket, and so poor was he that the captain of a steamer had pity on him, and told him that he would give him a passage if he would trim the coals in the coal-hole of the steamer. He remembered that the fireman gave him part of his homely dinner, and never had he ate a dinner with such relish, for he felt that he had wrought for it and earned it; and he wished the young to listen to this statement; he had derived a lesson from that voyage which he had never forgot. (Cheers.) At Liverpool he remained for seven weeks before he could get employment. He abode in sheds, and 4s. 6d. maintained him, until at last he found shelter in a West-Indiaman; he entered as a boy, and before he was nineteen he had risen to the command of an Indiaman. At twenty-three he retired from the sea; his friends, who, when he wanted assistance, had given him none, having left him that which they could no longer keep. He settled on shore. His career had been rapid; he had acquired prosperity by close industry, by constant work, and by keeping ever in view that great principle of doing to others as you would be done by. (Cheers.) And now, instead of being a commonplace shipbroker, he would tell them that at thirty-five (for he was no older) what was the amount of business which the firm which he had established, and was at the head of, and the acting partner in, transacted. During the last year alone their charters executed amounted to upwards of 700, and this year it bade fair to be larger. The amount of their insurances was £3,000,000 sterling; they had shipped, as contractors, upwards of 100,000 tons of coals, and upwards of 150,000 tons of iron. They had imported in the famine year, as brokers, 1,500,000 quarters of corn. (Hear, hear.) Then, as to the next charge, that he was no ship-owner, and did not own a ton of shipping. In consequence of this statement, he had been induced to copy out a list of the ships in which he owned a proportionate rate, and was managing owner of all, a large and high class of British-built ships. He then read a list of eighteen vessels, besides steamers and others, ranging from 860 to 310 tons burden, the total tonnage being 21,002—the largest portion of which he owned himself, and was manager for the whole." (Loud cheers.)

Real Life—Insane Bride and Belle.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Intelligencer, who recently visited the Cincinnati Asylum for the Insane, gives this brief sketch of one of the inmates:

"Here is now confined the young lady who has so often been, within the past few years, promenading Fourth-street, in this city, dressed up in insane finery, intended for bridal habiliments, fantastically decorated; and inquiring occasionally of passers-by for the faithless cause of her too fatal sorrow. She had completed a lonely pilgrimage from Europe, to unite her fortunes with those of her betrothed, who had preceded her a twelvemonth or so. After a weary search, she found him doing business and —married. The shock deprived her of her reason. Every passing day is, since, indicated by her disordered fancy as the one upon which her "Henry" is coming to fulfill his vows, and she arrays herself to meet him accordingly. Her nightly disappointment yields easily to a brighter hope for the morrow, and thus her beclouded existence is wearing away. When I called at her room, she was not dressed in her usual paraphernalia. Upon being informed that a gentleman wished to see her, no earthly inducements could prevail on her to appear, until she had elaborately arrayed herself with every single devise and adornment of her fanciful costume. She evidently imagined that the object of her long expectation had arrived; and when, at last, she met me, manifested her disappointment in a way that was anything but flattering to her visiter."

The same correspondent furnishes the following:—

"Another object of singular interest is Mrs M—— who was formerly known as the "belle of Madison." She does not seem now to be over twenty-four years of age. Not long after her marriage her father died, and very soon thereafter, her husband also. The double blow was too heavily charged for the tenderness of her affections, and dethroned her reason for ever. With a countenance the most beautiful I have ever seen, she sits almost motionless from day to day—an inexpressible sadness beaming from her soft and lustrous eyes—while the whole expression of her face conveys, if I may so speak, a sort of intensified sweetness and resignation. She never speaks, but yields instinctively to every suggestion or intimation of any kind from the keepers, and signifies only affirmative and negative replies by a motion of the head. So perfect a picture of deep unutterable sorrow I had never before seen, or been able to imagine. I feel as if it will be likely to haunt me for a month to come. This unfortunate lady is pronounced incurable."

BAYARD TAYLOR'S SNAKE STORY.—In one of his letters from the Nile, Taylor relates the following adventure: When we stopped for the night, the men were